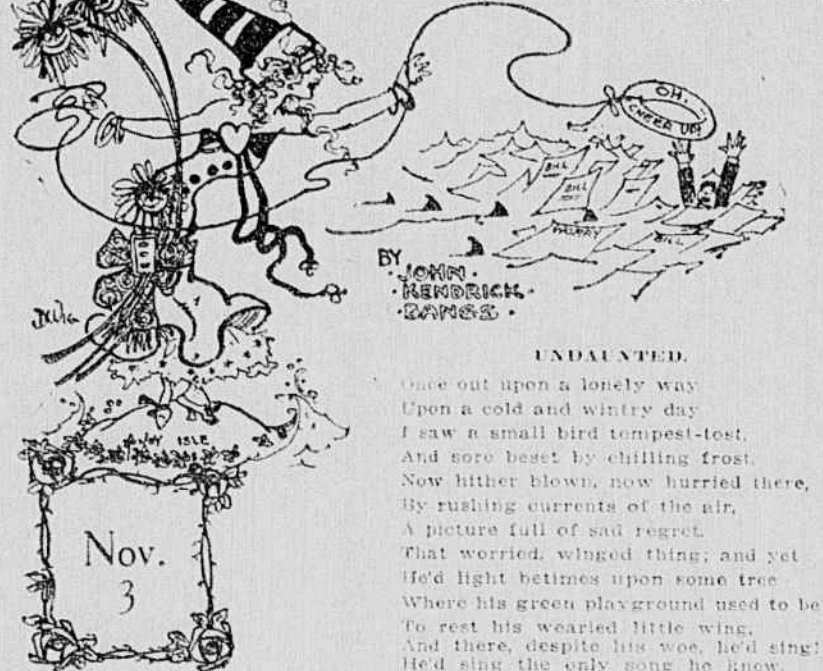


# Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



### A STRAIGHT TIP FROM PARIS.



## Favorite Recipes of Distinguished Women

By MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLISON.

Wife of the Postmaster-General.

EARLY in my housekeeping career I acquired a capable Mexican cook whose delicious menus soon became favorite with the entire family. She became a family institution and was brought to Washington where she presided over the culinary department, and much to my relief and surprise gave delight and satisfaction to all of my guests, especially the Texans who like the mild Bermuda onions and red chili peppers that enter so largely into the composition of Mexican food.

Ursula was a master in her manipulation of the metate, the rock on which she crushed corn for tamales, tortillas, and enchiladas, and which had been brought from Mexico especially for her use. One of her best recipes—one for stuffed peppers, Mexican style—comes within reach of American housekeepers, as it does not call for the peculiar little herbs and seeds entering into most of the other Mexican dishes.

### Chilis Rejanos.

Peel off the tough, glassy outer skin of sweet green peppers, either by soaking in boiling water or by parching in the oven or on top of the stove. Remove seeds and stuff with chopped meat—chicken, pork or veal, add a few almonds, some seeded raisins and minced olives. Dip in eggs, which have been mixed after beating yolks and whites separately, and fry a light brown in hot butter or lard. Serve in a deep dish and pour over them a sauce made as follows: To one pound can of tomatoes (for eight stuffed peppers) add one good sized Bermuda onion, chopped fine. Season with salt and Cayenne pepper. Cook until boiling. Fresh tomatoes may be used if preferred.

## WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

Mrs. Jane Lewis, Costumer.

BY ISABEL STEPHEN.

IN these days of advancement for women, when my lady arrogantly steps into whichever niche of the business world pleases her fancy, the old-time conventional classes of work which were supposed to be suitable for the woman who was forced to earn her living are scornfully passed by the majority. The protest is that the demand for such help greatly exceeds the supply. Who does not know the independence of the average dressmaker? she demands her own prices and the time she chooses in which to perform her work.

When Mrs. Jane Lewis was left a widow with one child in the little town of Towanda, Pa., she thought of these things. She found on her husband's death that it would be necessary for her to take up work of some kind, and she had always desired and made most of her own clothes, she decided that in that road lay fortune. She is now the highest paid costumer in America, and she earns her large salary, for upon her rests the responsibility of the costuming of the great army of men and women employed in one of the largest moving picture companies.

Mrs. Lewis was busily engaged in her quarters in the vanguard studios in Brooklyn when I called to learn the story of her successful career. Crowds of girls and women of all sizes and ages kept filing into the place in quest of costumes for different pictures in which they were to take part. It was a sight that would make the average dressmaker swoon, but Mrs. Lewis took the situation very calmly. Giving a few orders to her two assistants, she led me into her private office.

"This is not a busy afternoon," she began when I protested that she might not have the time for the interview that afternoon with that swarm of picture actresses on her hands. "Why, a short time ago I had to dress 100 women of all ages for a play called 'The Reign of Terror.' That required costumes of the pompadour period and powdered wigs. I had just a day and a half in which to do the work, and you know if you want anything done well you must do it yourself. It takes nearly as much time to give many instructions in rush work as it does to go ahead and do it; so I pitched in and had the work ready in time."

"It was by chance that I took up this work, however. I started in the work-a-day world as a designer. I inherited a taste for designing, and all my family are gifted that way. It is a field of work that holds great op-

## Salutation!

Please remember that this is your page—not mine.

It is my desire and intention to interest every woman in the conduct and success of this section of the paper, but I am only one woman. You are a multitude: therefore your assistance will be not only valuable, but invaluable.

And let your assistance take the form of suggestions, hints, criticisms—anything which, in your opinion, will help to increase the interest, information, entertainment and cheer of this, your page.

MARTHA WESTOVER.

portunities, and I had little difficulty in getting work with a large wholesale house in New York. Later I got a position with a large firm in that city as a buyer in the suit-and-gown department. This work paid very well, and I liked it very much.

"I had always been eager to see a moving picture studio, and one day visited this one with some friends. One of the directors here who knew of my work told me that I was just the woman they needed to take hold of their wardrobe department. At first, I was not very keen about the proposition. 'The work did not appeal to me. Later on, however, the firm rent for me, and I called again to take the matter over. I saw great possibilities, and decided to give it a chance.'

"It was some time before I got used to the work, but it interested me, and my experience as a designer was invaluable. Now I would not change to any other field, for the work is very fascinating. No one day's work is exactly like another, and although the hours sometimes are very long—sometimes I have to get over here before 7 in the morning and here before 11 in the morning and here before 11 in the morning and here before 11 in the morning—

"There is a great field in this work for women who do not mind hard work and are fond of designing. Those who think that the work would be congenial to them should get a good training of a mediocre designer. The position is very different from that of an ordinary wardrobe mistress, for the clothes have to be made and designed at a moment's notice.

"They should have a good knowledge of the different historical periods, for there is often a time to look up pictures of costumes which may be required within a couple of hours. The best way in which to apply for a position of this kind is to write a letter of application to the different moving picture companies, stating all qualifications and references. The salary paid to an assistant is \$25 a week, but there is a splendid chance for advancement, and the salaries at the top of the ladder are very large.

## The "Dog Collar" Neckband



The tight band of fur about the neck, called a dog collar, is at once becoming and economical. It can be made from odds and ends of fur of any sort.

## MENU

Baked Apples with Cream	Hominy
Spanish Omelet	Coffee
Rolls	
Luncheon	
Pickled Coddish	
Stewed Tomatoes	Brown Bread
Baked Apple Dumplings	Tea
Dinner	
Tomato Consommé with Tapioca	
Meat Loaf	Brown Dressing
String Beans	Corn Sauce with Butter
Brown Betty	Cherry Salad
	Coffee

**Brown Betty.**  
Peel and chop enough apples to make two cupsful. Have ready one cupful of fine bread crumbs and two tablespoonfuls of butter, cut into small bits. Butter a bake dish and put in the bottom of it a layer of chopped apple, sprinkled with sugar, bits of butter and a very little cinnamon; over this spread a layer of crumbs. Then comes another layer of apple, and so on until the dish is full. Top with bread crumbs and butter. Bake closely covered for forty minutes on the upper grating of the oven and brown the pudding. Serve hot with hard butter and sugar sauce.

Lynx and red fox are much in fashion's favor.  
Butterflies are fashioned of velvet, silk and lace.

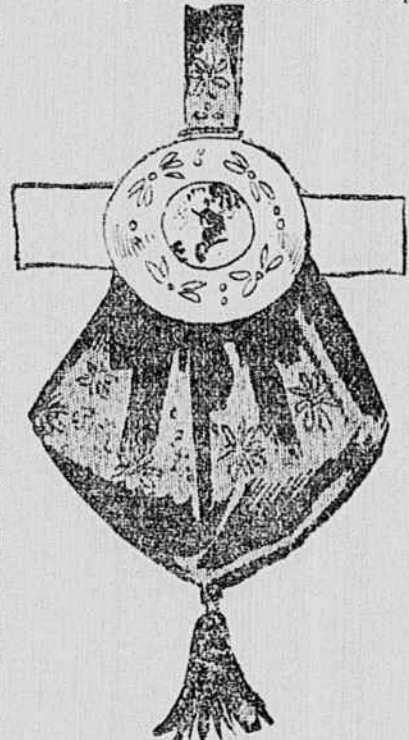
The newest neckwear is trimmed with edges of fur.  
Coats, skirts and gowns have much fur trimming.

Blouses are flat and have the dropped shoulder line.  
Mustards and yellows are colors not used for street suits.

## A REMINDER

Of the prizes of \$10, \$5, \$3 and seven of \$1 each, which will be awarded, in the order of their merit, for the best suggestion-letters.

New Bag With Miniature Top.



## Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Agha-in-far-off-Algiers  
Is all-dressed-up-to-day  
She has on her mother's veil,  
Of course it's only play,  
But some day poor Agha  
Will really have to wear  
A veil and it will cover up  
Her nose and mouth and hair!

Elizabeth Kirkman

## THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

CHAPTER I.

### March Comes in Like the Lion.

The train, which had roared through a withering gale of sleet all the way from New York, came to a standstill, with many an ear-splitting sigh, alongside the little station, and a reluctant porter opened his vestibule door to descend to the snow-swept platform; a solitary passenger had reached the journey's end. The swirl of snow and sleet screamed out of the blackness at the end of the station-building, enveloped the porter in an instant, and cut his ears and neck with stinging force, as he turned his back against the gale. A pair of lonely, half-obscured platform lights gleamed faintly at the top of their long poles at each end of the station; two or three frost-enrusted windows glowed dimly in the side of the building, while one shone brightly where the operator sat waiting for the passing of No. 22.

The train itself was dark. Frosty windows, behind which the furious gale, white outside, but black within, protected the snug travelers who slept the sleep of the hurried and thought not of the storm that beat about their ears nor wondered at the stopping of the fast express at a place where it had never stopped before. Far ahead the panting engine shed from its open fire-box an aureole of glaring red as the stoker fed coal into its rapacious maw. The unblinking headlight threw its rays into the thick of the blinding snowstorm, fruitlessly searching for the rails through drifts denser than fog and filled with strange, half-visible shapes.

An order had been issued for the stopping of the fast express at B—, a noteworthy concession in these days of premeditated haste. Not in the previous career of B— had it even so much as slowed down for the insignificant little station, through which it swooped at midnight the whole year round. Just before pulling out of New York on this eventful night the conductor received a command to stop at B— and let down a single passenger, a circumstance which meant trouble for every dispatcher along the line.

The woman who got down at B— in the wake of the shivering, but deferential porter, and who passed by the conductors without lifting her face, was without hand luggage of any description. She was heavily veiled, and warmly clad in fur. At 11 o'clock that night she had entered the compartment in New York. Throughout the thirty miles or more, she had sat alone and inert beside the snow-clogged window, peering through veil and frost into the night that whizzed past the pane, seeing nothing yet apparently intent on all that went beyond. As still, as immobile as death itself she had held herself from the moment of departure to the instant that brought the porter with the word that they were waiting for B—. Without a word she arose and followed him to the vestibule, where she watched him as he unfastened the outer door and lifted the trap. A single word escaped her lips and he held out his hand to receive the crumpled bill she clutched in her gloved fingers. He did not look at it. He knew that it would amply reward him for the brief exposure he endured on the lonely, wind-swept platform of a station, the name of which he did not know.

She took several uncertain steps in the direction of the station windows and stopped, as if bewildered. Already the engine was pounding the air with quick vicious snorts in the effort to get under way; the vestibule trap and door closed with a bang; the wheels were creaking. A bitter wind smote her in the face; the wet, hurrying sleet crained against the thin veil, blinding her.

The door of the waiting-room across the platform opened and a man rushed toward her.

"Mrs. Randall?" he called above the roar of the wind.

"What a night!" he said, as much to himself as to her. "I'm sorry you would have to come to-night. Tomorrow morning would have satisfied me."

"Is this Mr. Drake?"

"They were being blown through the door into the waiting-room as she put the question. Her voice was muffled. The man in the great fur coat, but his weight against the door to close it."

"Yes, Mrs. Randall. I have done all that could be done under the circumstances. I am sorry to tell you that we still have two miles to go by motor before we reach the inn. My car is open—I don't possess a limousine—but if you will lie down in the women's car you will find some protection from the wind."

"She broke in sharply, impatiently. 'Pray do not consider me, Mr. Drake. I am not afraid of the blizzard.'

"Then we'd better be off," said he, a note of anxiety in his voice—a certain touch of nervousness. "I drive my own car. The road is good, but I shall drive cautiously. Ten minutes, perhaps. I am sorry you thought best to brave this wretched—"

"I am not sorry for myself, Mr. Drake, but for you. You have been most kind. I did not expect you to meet me."

"I took the liberty of telephoning to you. It was well that I did it early in the evening. The wires are down now, I fear." He hesitated for a moment, staring at her as if trying to penetrate the thick, wet veil. "I may have brought you on a fool's errand. You see, I—I have seen Mr. Randall once, in town somewhere, and I may be wrong. Still the coroner—and the sheriff—seemed to think you should be notified—I might say questioned. That is why I called you up. I trust, madam, that I am mistaken."

"Yes," she said shrilly, betraying the intensity of her emotion. It was as if she lacked the power to utter more than a single word, which signified neither acquiescence nor approval. He was ill-at-ease, distressed. "I have engaged a room for you at the inn, Mrs. Randall. You did not bring a maid, I see. My wife will come over from our place to stay with you if you—"

She shook her head. "Thank you, Mr. Drake. It will not be necessary. I came alone by choice. I shall return to New York to-night."

"But you—why, you can't do that," he cried, holding back as if they started toward the door. "No train stop here after 10 o'clock. The locals begin running at 7 in the morning. Besides—"

It open and bending her body to the gust that burst in upon them.

He sprang after her, grasping her arm to lead her to the tiny platform to the automobile that stood in the lee of the building.

Disobeying his command to enter the tonneau, she stood beside the car and waited until he cranked it and took his place at the wheel. Then she took her seat beside him and permitted him to tuck the great buffalo robe about her. No word was spoken. The man was a stranger to her. She forgot his presence in the car.

Into the thick of the storm the motor clugged. Grim and silent, the man at the wheel, unglugged and tense, sent the whirling things swiftly over the trackless village street and out upon the open country road. The woman closed her eyes and waited.

You would know the month was March. He said, "It comes in like a lion," but apparently the storm allowed the words for she made no response to them.

They crossed the valley and crept up the steep-covered hill where the force of the gale was broken. If she heard him say, "Here, wasn't it?" she gave no sign, but sat lunched forward, peering ahead through the snow at the blurred lights that seemed so far away and yet were close at hand.

"Is that the inn?" She asked as he received from the road a few moments later.

"Yes, Mrs. Randall. We're here." "Is—is he in there?"

"Where you see that lighted window upstairs?" He tooted the horn vigorously as he drew up to the long porch. Two men dashed out from the doorway and clumsily assisted her from the car.

"Go right in, Mrs. Randall," said Drake. "I will join you in a jiffy."

She walked between the two men into the feebly lighted office of the inn. The heavier the place, a dreamy-looking person with dread in his eyes, hurried forward. She stopped stock-still. Some one was brushing the stubborn, thickly-caked snow from her long chinchilla coat.

"You must let me get you something hot to drink, madam," the landlady was saying dolorously.

She struggled with her veil, finally tearing it away from her face. Then she took in the rather bare, cheerless room with a slow, puzzled sweep of her eyes.

"No, thank you," she replied. "It won't be any trouble, madam," urged the other. "It's right here. The sheriff says it's all right to serve it, although it is a bit cold. I'm a respectable, law-abiding house—I wouldn't think of offering it to anyone if it was in violation—"

"Never mind, Burton," interposed a big man, approaching. "Let the lady choose for herself. If she wants it, she'll say so. I am the sheriff, madam. This gentleman is the coroner, Dr. Sheel. We waited up for you after Drake said you'd got the fast train to stop for you. Tomorrow morning would have done quite as well. I'm sorry you came to-night in all this blizzard."

He was staring as if fascinated at the white colorless face of the woman who with nervous fingers unfastened the heavy coat that enveloped her slender figure. She was young and strikingly beautiful, despite the intrusive pallor that overpaved her face. Her dark, questioning, dreamy eyes looked up into his with an expression he was never to forget. It combined dread, horror, doubt and a smouldering anger that seemed to overcast all other emotions that lay revealed to him.

"This is a—what is commonly called a 'roadhouse,'" she asked dully, her eyes narrowing suddenly as if in pain.

The innkeeper made haste to resent the implied criticism.

"My place is a respectable, law-abiding—"

The sheriff waved him aside.

"It is an inn during the winter, Mrs. Randall, and a roadhouse in the summer. If that makes it plain to you, I will say, however, that Burton has always kept well within the law. This is the first—er—real bit of trouble he's had, and I won't say it's his fault. Keep quiet, Burton. No one is accusing you of anything wrong. Don't whine about it."

"But my place is ruined," groaned the doleful creature who got a bitter now. Not that I blame you, madam, but you can see how—"

He quailed before the steady look to her eyes, and turned away mumbling. There were half a dozen men in the room besides the speakers, sober-faced fellows who conversed in undertones and studiously kept their backs to the woman who had just come. They were grouped about the roaring fireplace in the lower end of the room. Steam arose from their heavy winter garments. Their caps were slung down over their eyes. These were men who had been out in the night.

"There is a fire in the reception room, madam," the innkeeper said. The proprietor's wife to look out for you if you should require anything. Will you go in there and compose yourself before going upstairs. Or, if you would prefer, waiting until morning, I shall not insist on the—er—ordal to-night."

"I prefer going up there to-night," said she steadily to the innkeeper. "The men looked at each other, and the sheriff spoke. 'Mr. Drake is quite confident the man is your husband. It's an ugly affair, Mrs. Randall. We have no means of identifying him until Drake came in this evening out of curiosity you might say. For your sake, I hope he is mistaken.'"

"Would you not tell me something about it before I go upstairs? I am quite calm. I am prepared for anything. You need not hesitate."

"As you wish, madam. You will go into the reception-room, if you please. Burton is Mrs. Randall's room clerk ready for her."

"I shall not stay here to-night," interposed Mrs. Randall. "You need not keep the room for me."

"But, my dear Mrs. Randall—"

"I shall wait in the railway station until morning if necessary. But not here!"

The coroner led the way to the cosy little room of the office. She followed with the sheriff. The men looked worn and haggard in the bright light that met them, as if they had not known sleep or rest for many hours.

"The assistant district attorney was here until 11, but went home to get a little rest. It's been a hard case for all of us—a nasty one," explained the sheriff, as he placed a chair in front of the fire for her. She sank into it limply.